

THE LIVE GIRAFFE.



W. WHITAKER, EDITOR.

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TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable on delivery of the first number.

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STATE FAIR.

We promised a few remarks upon this subject,—in our opinion a very important one,—for this paper. Many people are either distrustful or miscalculating, as to whether we can have such a Fair, as will be useful to the people and honorable and creditable to the State. At the South, these Exhibitions have not been generally adopted; but in what States soever they have been established, they have always been successful. Maryland and South Carolina are the examples we shall quote. In the first State, the Annual Fair is held in Baltimore; it has always been largely attended, and the Exhibition is usually full, and of a most interesting character; the agricultural and horticultural departments have always been well filled up, and the show of animals and stock, raised in the State, has generally been large, of exceeding interest, and highly creditable to the thriving and industrious farmers who take good care to be upon the ground, and to avail themselves of all the advantages which may come in their way. Competition excites that noble and generous rivalry among the farmers which leads to improvement, and, every year, to new efforts for improvement; and it comes to pass that every exhibition is fuller and more interesting than the last—the best evidence of awakened attention, activity and zeal. The Fair not being exclusive, many from the adjacent States enter the contest for prizes, and sometimes bear them away; farmers, mechanics, manufacturers, artificers, machinists and miners, all find their appropriate places in the Fair, and all can and do exhibit what they have of valuable and curious productions of nature and art.

The State Fair of South Carolina, is held at Columbia. Here, too, the producers of other States are invited to attend and welcomed. Our citizens of the border counties have always contributed to this Fair, and we have noticed that prizes have frequently been awarded to them. At the last Fair, for instance, the Rock Island woollen manufactory in Mecklenburg, received the highest premium for its goods. This Fair has been established but three or four years, yet the producing people of the State look forward to its annual return with the deepest interest, and prepare for it with care and solicitude.

The inquiry, at once, attracts our attention. Cannot North Carolina have as large, valuable and interesting Fairs as either of these States? It is hardly worth arguing to a conclusion. Her population is larger than either—her land as good as that of either, and better than that of Maryland; her climate as fine as any beneath the sun—her natural resources immense—and, lastly, her people are waking up to improvement in every avocation of life;—so, that now is the very time to establish that Fair, which ought to have been established long ago, in aid of the efforts of our industrious and enterprising people.

Before we forget it, however, we now state a great advantage, besides the mere competition for premiums,—though that strife awakens emulation, and is highly honorable,—and that is, that contributors can always sell, at good prices, the articles they bring for exhibition—the fat oxen and hogs, the remarkable and adipose calves and pigs,—the fine wheat and extraordinary corn, the monstrous turnips, beets and sweet potatoes, the big-bellied pumpkins, and the blackest-eyed corn-field peas.—They will be bought for the propagation of fine stock, or for improvement of seed; and will thus be scattered in various parts of the State, tending to the general improvement and production of better qualities of each. Now in all this, our own county of Wake will have the best chance—as, indeed, in all other respects—the proximity of our people being highly favorable, not only to get here, and to get their productions here, but to avail themselves of all

which are brought from elsewhere fully and profitably. Of course, they are more interested than the people of any other portion of the State; and, having reached this conclusion, it is plainly their duty to provide the means for availing themselves of the great advantages within their grasp, so as to secure them beyond all hazards.

But we abhor long articles, and prefer to talk to the people of Wake, who are our home-folks, in our next paper. Meantime, we learn that they are doing remarkably well their share of the work, in a very liberal manner.

CRAZY MAILS.

The following letter was received at this office, last Sabbath:

RICH FORD, DAVIDSON Co., N. C., June 24, 1853.
ESQ. R. WHITAKER; Dear Sir—There is a mighty grumbling here on account of the absence of the "Animal." Some three weeks ago, part of our supply did not reach here till seven days after published. Last week's issue has not come to hand yet. If Uncle Sam's boys are to blame, get after them with a sharp stick. W. D. W.

We assure our correspondent, that the fault is not with us; no publisher is more prompt in mailing matter, than the Giraffe. Secondly—"Uncle Sam's boys" are at fault, and we intend to write forthwith to our excellent Post Master General, who, we know, will have the delinquents hunted out, and forthwith turn them out of office, as they deserve to be.

"OUR CITY OF RALEIGH."—Gov Reid concludes a Proclamation, issued on the 15th of June with "Done at our city of Raleigh." &c. We think it would have better suited the simplicity of our republican institutions to have said the city of Raleigh—for the term *our* is strictly monarchical. Kings and Queens say "our good city of London &c." which means *my* city, as crowned heads use the plural when speaking of their royal selves. *Our* city of Raleigh! Good. *My* city of Raleigh. Better. The Governor need not get off by saying he meant *our* to embrace the Governor *de facto* and the Governor *de jure*—that is, Holden and I. It won't do—it means nothing but *my* city. It is well enough for the people of Raleigh to know to whom they belong.—[Wil. Commercial.]

We can see nothing very objectionable in the Governor's *our* City; it looks and sounds, just right. He should have said, in speaking of a City out of the State, *the* City,—but in speaking of Raleigh, of course he is speaking for the whole State, and properly says, *our*; i. e. Mr. Loring, Holden, Hale, Giraffe, and everybody beside. Proper—correct—just the language! There; shut the book, and go to play—school is dismissed—as Robinson, of the New Era, would say.

SAD ACCIDENT.

Mr. Samuel Tinnin, while out Squirrel hunting, in the upper portion of this County, near Jere: Morris', on the 24th ult., his gun went off, lodging the contents in his left side, just below the ribs. He died immediately.

SIGNIFICANT.

The ladies of Petersburg have been feasting the Editor of the Express on Gooseberries!

Why is the City of Raleigh like an old field?

We will give any man, woman or child, who will give us a correct answer by next week, a glass of Ice Cream and a horse cake.

We sincerely wish for words sufficient, to thank the Editor of the Petersburg Express, for the warm manner in which he spoke of us, in connection with the office of Superior Court Clerk of Wake. We'll give him our vote whenever we can.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

We learn from the Salisbury Banner, of the 24th ult., that Mr. Robt. Bradshaw, residing six miles from Salisbury, near Locke's Bridge, came to his death last Saturday evening between said place and his residence, by his horse running away. He and another gentleman were in a buggy, returning home, when the horse took fright and ran into the railroad excavation, upsetting the buggy. Mr. Bradshaw's skull, was fractured, perhaps by a kick from the horse, and he died during the night. The other gentleman fell between the dash board and the horse, and was carried some distance in the situation; but escaped with trifling injuries.

THE GIRAFFE—NORFOLK PRICE CURRENT.—We know that our friend Whitaker of the Live Giraffe is one of the last men who would intentionally do Norfolk an injury, for he has on various occasions since his brief acquaintance with and strongest advocates for her just rights; but by some means or other he has for the last week or two been publishing a most erroneous Price Current for Norfolk, which on account of the wide circulation of his paper, is well calculated to do our market great injustice. Nearly every leading article of country produce is quoted at a rate far below that which has been obtained readily for the last two months past. We have no doubt but he has been led into this error by some of our papers but this is not a sufficient excuse, for it strikes us that any one could easily tell on comparing the price currents for the papers of the city, who paid attention to the matter and who did not, by merely noticing that the figures in some are frequently changed daily, while in others they stand for months without an alteration.—Beacon.

We shall endeavor, hereafter, to correct our Markets with more care, as we earnestly desire not to mislead our people in any thing that relates to Norfolk.

John S. Wormley, who murdered Anthony Robiou, was executed at Chesterfield Court House, Va., on Friday, the 24th June, the very day sentence of death was pronounced on Montague.

ORIGINAL YARN.

CHARLEY CLEWLINE, the inimitable, has written a good story for the GIRAFFE, and we have the MSS. in our possession.—Week after next, wind and weather favorable, we will commence its publication.—We have ordered new type for the occasion.